And it is thought abroad, that twixt my ſheetes
Ha's done my office; I know not, if't be true ---
Yet I, for meere ſuſpition in that kind,
Will doe, as if for ſurety: he holds me well,
The better ſhall my purpoſe worke on him.
Caſsio's a proper man, let me ſee now,
To get this place, and to make vp my will,
A double knauery --- how, how, --- let me ſee,
After ſome time, to abuſe *Othellos* eare,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He has a perſon and a ſmooth diſpoſe,
To be ſuſpected, fram'd to make women falſe:
The Moore a free and open nature too,
That thinkes men honeſt, that but ſeemes to be ſo:
And will as tenderly be led bit'h noſe --- as Aſſes are:
I ha't, it is ingender'd: Hell and night
Muſt bring this monſtrous birth to the worlds light.

Exit.

Actus 2.

Scœna 1.

Enter Montanio, *Gouernor of* Cypres, *with two other Gentlemen.*

Montanio.

VVHat from the Cape can you diſcerne at Sea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought flood;
I cannot twixt the hauen and the mayne
Deſcry a ſaile.

Mon. Me thinkes the wind does ſpeake aloud at land,
A fuller blaſt ne're ſhooke our Battlements:
If it ha ruffian ſo vpon the ſea.
What ribbes of Oake, when the huge mountaine mes lt,

Can